

E. S. Murray
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THE
SONGS OF THE GAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, & W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

A Collection of Gaelic Psalm Tunes will shortly follow.

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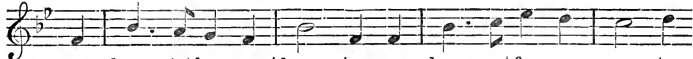
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SONGS OF THE GAEL.

1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B♭.—Beating twice to the measure.



{ s₁ | d : - . t₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : - | s₁ : s₁ | d : - . r | f : m | r : - | m }

{ Ho - ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, Hi - ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, }

Ho - ro, my brown-hair'd maiden, Heeree, my bonnie maiden,



{ f | m : s | m : s | s₁ : - | d : r | m : - | f : - . r | d : - | - }

{ Mo chailleag, laghach, bhoidheach, Cha phosainn ach thu. }

My sweetest, neatest maiden, I'll wed none but thee.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaol, is d' ailleachd
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mbiann 's mo ghaol ort,
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Nuair bha ann ad lathair
Bu shona bha mo laithean,
A seallbhachadh do mhanrain
Is àille do ghnais.

Gnais aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda,
Na h-òigh is caomha nadur,
I suaire, ceannail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,
The beauty that thou bearest,
Thy witching smile the rarest,
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging
My love is not estranging,
My heart is still unchanging
And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,
To see thee and to hear thee,
These memories still endear thee
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,
Best, kindest, demurest,
With which thou still allurest
My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling
My darling has her dwelling;
A fair wild rose excelling
In sweetness is she.

2—OCH, OCH ! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH ! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*



(f. s₁ : s₁. l₁ | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . s : s . m | d : d . d : r . m | l₁ : l₁ .)
 (Och, och ! mar tha mi is mi 'nam | aonar, A dol troimh | choill far an robh mi | eolach,)
 Och, och ! how lonely to wander weary Thro' scenes endearing with none beside me !



(f. s₁ : s₁. l₁ | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . t : d' . l | s : m . d : r . m | d d .)
 (Nach fhaigh mi a' ann am fhearann duthchais, Ged fhaighinn crun airson lèid na broige.)
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuigs o m' shuain mi,
 'Se tighinn annas orm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann,
 An ciobair Gallda 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,
 E glaothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh,
 Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich,
 Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,
 Le coin 'g an eighreach, cur feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,
 'San fhearann aigh 's an robh Fionna chomhnuidh,
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana,
 Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.

Na glinne chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach,
 'M biodh coin air iallan aig gilleann oga,
 Cha-n fhaic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,
 'S gur duilbe mheuran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach,
 Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri dean na oran;
 Nach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,
 'S na balaich shuarach n'an aitean-comhnuidh ?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring
 The long-sought slumbers around me falling ?
 The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring,
 Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful
 With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles,
 The deer have fled from these barkings frightful,
 And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

Our Highland mountains with purple heather,
 Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber,
 Are white with sheep now for miles together,
 And filled with strangers whom none can number.

The lovely glens where the deer long lingered
 And our fair youths went with hounds to find them,
 Are now the home of the long black-fingered
 And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

The ancient customs and clans are banished,
 No more are songs on the breezes swelling,
 Our Highland nobles alas ! are vanished,
 And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling.

Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN. Translation by L. MACBEAN.



3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*



{ | d : d | m : - | r : d | d : - | r : m | f : - | d : r | f : - | f : f | l : - | s : f | s : m | }
 O caraibh, a chlanna nan teud, Leabaidh Ghuill is a dheo-greine lámhris,
 O ye bards, make the last bed of Gaul, With his sunbeam of war laid be-side him,



{ | d : d | m : - | r : d | r : - | d : d | t : - | s : d | f : - | f : r | d : - | r : m | d : d | } ||
 Far am faicear a leabaidh an céin, Agus genga is lairde 'ga sghile.
 Where the shade of this great tree shall fall, And its branches from tempests shall hide him.

Fo sgeith daraig a's guirne blath,
 Is luaith' fas, agus drench a's buaine,
 Bhruichdas duilleach air anail na frois
 'S an raon bhi seargta m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomal na tire
 Chitear le eoin an t-samhraidh,
 Is laithidh gach eun mar a thig e
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,
 Is oighean a seinn air Aoibhir-chaomha;
 'S gus an caochail gach ní dhiubh so,
 Cha sgarar bhuir cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an erion gu luaithre a chlach,
 'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, is dán, 's aobhar-sgeile,
 Cha'n fheoraich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?
 No 'Cia i conluaidh Rìgh na Strumoin'?

This green spreading oak is his bower,
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

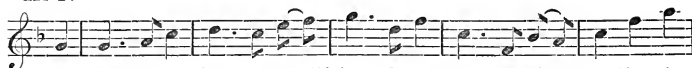
Evircoma shall hear how her praise
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish;
 Till everything round us decays,
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon?

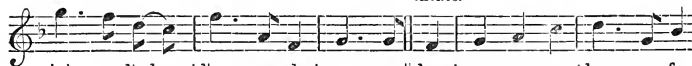
4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.



{ f: r | r : - . m : s | l : - . s : t . d' | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . d : f . m | s : d' : m' }
 { A | bha - na - rach | mhlogach | 'S e dol ghaol 'thug fo | chis mi . 'S maththig lamhaimnean }
 O white-handed maiden, My bosom is la - den, With love for the

CHORUS.



{ r' : - . d' : l | s | d' : - . m : d | r : - . r | d | r : m : s | l : - . r : f }
 { sloda | Air do mhin-bhosaibh | ba - na. A | bhan - a - rach | dhonn a chruidh, }
 maid - en That ne - vershall va - ry. My bon - nie bright dai - rymaid,



{ r' : d' : l | s : - . m : d | r : m : s | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . m : d | r : - . r }
 { Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh, | Cailin deas | donn a chruidh, | Cuachag an fhiasach. }
 Fairy maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
 A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.
 Dh' iadadh eunlaith gach doire,
 Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhàrainn.

Ged a b' fhuinnmhor an fhidheall,
 'S a teudan an righeadh,
 'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,
 Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dhùlan na gréine,
 'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn,
 'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn
 Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

'S taitneach sìubhal a cuaillein
 'G a chrathadh m' a chuanan,
 A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
 An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fasaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
 'Teachd do'n bhuailidh mu 'n eadhath,
 Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
 'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
 Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh
 Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,
 Cuachag an fhiasach.

When Mary is singing
 The birdies come winging,
 And listen, low swinging,
 On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure
 To hear the sweet measure
 That's sung by my treasure,
 The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming
 Around her is beaming,
 It's glowing and gleaming
 On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary
 Trips gaily my dearie,
 With foot never weary,
 As light as a fairy.

The maid of this ditty
 Is charming and pretty,
 She's wise and she's witty,
 She's winning and wary.

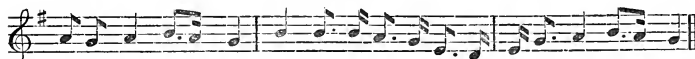
My bonnie bright dairymaid,
 Fairy maid, dairymaid,
 Bonnie blythe dairymaid,
 Maid of the dairy.

5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.



{ d ., d : d , d - | d ., d : d ., l, | l, ., l, : l, ., d | r ., r : r , m. - }
 Mhorag chiatlach a chuil dualaich | 'Se do luaidh a tha air m'aire,)
 Morag with the tresses flowing, I will praise thee with de - vo-tion.



{ r . d : r | m ., r : d | m : m , m | r ., d : l, ., s, | l, d .- : r | m ., r : d ||
 Agus O Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag.
 Then horo, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then horo, Mor - ag.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.

'S cuimhnich, thoir leat baunal ghruagach
 A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.

O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuailidh
 Obair thruailidh sin nan cailean,

Gur b-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag
 Aig am beil an cuailin barr-fhionn.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach
 Ciabhag na gruaigach glaine,

Do chùl peucach sìos 'na dhualaibh
 Dhalladh e uaislean le lannir,

Sìos 'na fheòirneinan mu'd ghuailnean,
 Leadan cuacheineach na h-ainnir.

'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag
 Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrainn.

'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal
 Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarraing,

A rachadh le sgiathan 's le claidhean
 Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,

Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh
 Thoirt do chèrach mach a dh'aindeoin.

A rìgh, bu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad
 Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.

H-uile cloth a luaidh iad riamh dhuibh
 Dh' fhaig iad e gu ciatach daingeann.

Teann, tigh, daingeann, fìchte, luaidhte
 Daite ruadh air thuar na fala.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luadhaidh
 'S theid na gruaigichean so mar-riut.

Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going;
 Soon come back across the ocean.

Bring a band of maids for spreading
 And for dressing cloth of scarlet.

Thou shalt not go to the steading,
 Leave vile work to loon and varlet.

Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,
 With her lovely locks in cluster,

Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,
 Gleaming bright with golden lustre;

Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,
 Dazzle nobles who behold her;

Yellow tresses round her streaming,
 Fall in cascades on her shoulder.

Many a lover has my lady,
 In the mainland and the Islands;

Many a man with sword and plaidie
 She could summon from the Highlands,

Who would face the cannon's thunder
 Armed and for her honour plighted,

Driving hostile bands asunder
 Bound to see our lady righted.

Certes, but our maids are clever
 When they get their weapons ready,

Many a web they've sorted ever
 Firmly handled close and steady,

Thick and close and firm in pressing,
 Bloody-red, a dye unfading;

Come then with thy maids for dressing,
 We are ready here for aiding.

Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady.

6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH--RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

f: s₁ : l₁ | d : d : m₁ r | d : l₁ : s₁ l₁ | d : d : l₁ | l₁ s : - : d₁ l₁ | l₁ : l₁ : d₁)
 'S mi nam' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaolte gun thu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn
 Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

CHORUS.

f r : d : m₁ r | d : l₁ : d | r r : - : r m | l : - : d : r d | l₁ : - : r m)
 ao . trom, O Dhi- hao - ine mo dhunach. Hi - il ò ho bha hó Hi - il)
 cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee - il ò ho - va hó Hee - il

f r : l₁ : d | l : - : d₁ s | l : l₁ : d | r : - : r m | l : - : d : r d | l₁ : l₁ : ||
 ò ho bha ò, Hi - il ò ho bha ò Hi - il ò ro o-bha eil - le. ||
 ò ho - va ò, Hee - il ò ho - va ò, Hee - il ò - ro o - va ai - la.

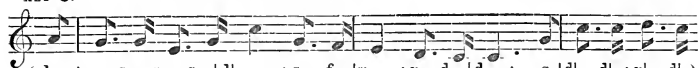
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dìlhaoine mo dhunach :
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh :
 'S i do ghuala bha làidir,
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu.
 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu ;
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
 'Tha mo ghrèidh-sa bho'n uiridh
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
 'Tha mo ghrèidh-sa bho'n uiridh :
 Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne.
 Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne ;
 Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dìthnadh,
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag.
 Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dìthnadh,
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag ;
 Do chuid chon air an fallaidh,
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.
 Do chuid chon air an fallaidh,
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh ;
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
 No gu àrd-bheinn a' chuilinn.
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
 No gu àrd-bheinn a' chuilinn ;
 'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,
 Gun fhaolte, gun fhuaran.

Since the day of my sorrow
 I am weary with wailing,
 Since the loss of the boatie,
 Where the hero was sailing.
 Since the loss of the boatie,
 Where the hero was sailing,
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,
 Though the sea was prevailing.
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,
 Though the sea was prevailing,
 Now he lies in the clachan,
 Whom I am bewailing.
 Now he lies in the clachan,
 Whom I am bewailing,
 And a green grassy curtain
 His cold bed is veiling.
 And a green grassy curtain
 His cold bed is veiling,
 His sword in its scabbard
 The rust is assailing.
 His sword in its scabbard
 The rust is assailing,
 His bounds on their leashes,
 Their speed unavailing.
 His bounds on their leashes,
 Their speed unavailing,
 No more shall my hero
 His mountains be scaling.
 No more shall my hero
 His mountains be scaling,
 Sitting sadly, I sorrow,
 Heavy-hearted and ailing.

Composed on the death of IAIN GARBH MACGHILLE-CALLAN of Raasay, by his sister. Translated by L. MACLEAN

7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

KEY C.



(f l | s „s : m „s | d' : s „f | m : r „d | d : - s | d' „d' : r' „d')
 Nach truagh leat mi 's mi prio - san Mo Mha - li bheag òg? Dol chairdean a eir
 Dost thou not see my an - guish, My dear lit - tle May? In dungeon dark I



((t : l „s | l „t : l „s | s : - „m | r „m : s „l | d' : r' „d')
 binn orm, Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal thu. A bhean nam mala min - e, 'S nam
 languish, My own darling May. No eyes were sweeter, clear - er, No



((d' „t : l „s | s : l „t | d' „t : l „s | d' : s „f | m : r „d | d : - „m)
 pogan mar na fìoguis, Is tu nach fhagadh shìos mi le mi-ruin do bheoil!
 kisses could be dear - er Than thine, my loving cheer - er, My dear little May!

Di-domhnaich anns a ghleann duinn,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Nuair thoisich mi ri càinnt riut,

Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhor;

Nuair dh' fhosgail mi mo shùilean

'S a sheall mi air mo chùlaobh

Bha maraich an eich chruthaich

Tigh'n dlu air mo lorg.

Is mise bh' air mo bhualreadh,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Nuair thain' an sluaigh mu'n cuairt duinn,

Mo ribhinn glan ur;

Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin

A thuit mo lamh o m' ghualainn,

Mu'n d'amais mi do bhualadh,

Mo Mhali bheag og.

Gur boidheche leam a dh' fhas thu,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Na'n lili anns an fhasach,

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;

Mar aiteal caoin na greine

Am maduinn chiuin ag eiridh,

B'e sùd do dhreanach is t-eugais

Mo Mhali bheag og.

Ged bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;

B'annsa 'n saoghal-'s fhagail,

'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach,

Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin

'S an d' fhaig mi thu ciuirt'.

Oh! hapless love that sought thee,

My dear little May;

Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee

Along yon green brae;

We met with words endearing,

No evil were we fearing,

When horsemen came careering

In angry array.

My heart with anger bounded,

My dear little May,

To see us thus surrounded,

My lady so gay;

Oh, withered let this arm be

That ever chanced to harm thee,

I never would alarm thee,

My darling young May.

Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,

My dear little May.

Than lily sweet, perfuming

Some glen far away,

Like morning glory gleaming,

Along the mountains streaming,

So was thy beauty beaming,

My bright little May.

What though my life were spared me,

My dear little May,

Now it can never shared be

With kind little May!

I long to go, and never

From thee again to sever,

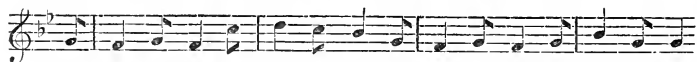
And there forget that ever

I wounded my May.

Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is very popular in the Highlands, but is claimed by the Irish.

8-LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN—OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B \flat .



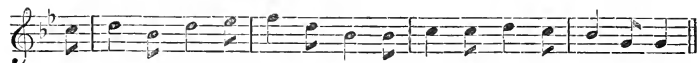
(f l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : -)
 O thou - sa fein a shiubhlas shuas, Tha crinn mar lan sgiath chruaidh nan triath,
 O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,



(f l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : -)
 Cia las a ta do dhearrs'gunghruaim, Do sho - lus a ta buain a Ghrian?
 Whence is thy glo - ry gleam - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?



(f l₁ | d : - : l₁ | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | l : - : s | l : - : d | d : - : r | m : -)
 (Thig thu - sa nach nad àil - le threin, Is fal - uichidh na reul an triall,
 In peer - less beau - ty thou dost rise And all the stars be-fore thee flee,



(f r | m : - : d | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : -)
 (Theid ghealach sìos gun tìuar o'n speur, 'Ga clea - tha fein, fo stuaidh san iar.
 The pal - lid moon for-sakes the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

Tha thus' ad astar dol a mhìin,
 Is co tha'n dana bhi' ad chòir?
 Feuch, tuitidh darag o' chruaich aird,
 Is tuitidh càrn fo aois is scòrr,
 Is traighidh agus lìonaidh 'n cuan,
 Is cailear shuas an rè 'san spèur,
 Tha thus' ad aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh
 An aoibhneas bhuan do sholus fein!
 Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirn,
 Le torrùn borb is deulan beur
 Seallaidh tu'nad àill' o' toirm,
 'S fianh gaire 'm bruailean mòr nan spèur.
 Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin
 'S nach fhaic mi bruailean do ghnuis,
 A sgaraidh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh
 Air aghaidh nial' a's a mhadainn ùr,
 A sgaraidh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh
 Air aghaidh bhàth nan nial' 's an ear
 No nuair a chritheas tu 's an iar
 Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear.
 Ma dh' fheudte gu bheil thu 's mi fein
 'An am gu treun 's gun fheum 'an am,
 Ar bhàdhalabh tearmadh sìos o'n speur
 La chèile shubhal chum an ceann.
 Bliadh aoibhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,
 A thrìath 'ad òige nearthor ta!
 Or 's dorch' mi-tha'nneach tha an aois
 Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil,
 Eho neoil a sealltinn air an raon,
 'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan càrn,
 An osag fhìnar o thuath air rèth,
 Fear shubhal dol fo bheud 'se mall.

Thou movest in thy course alone,
 And who so bold as wander near?
 The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,
 The hills with age shall disappear.
 The changing main shall ebb and flow,
 The waning moon be lost in night;
 Thou only shalt victorious go,
 For ever joying in thy light!
 When heaven with gathering clouds is black,
 When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
 Thou gazest lovely through the rack
 And smilest in the raging sky.
 But oh! thy light is vain to me;—
 Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,
 When thou art streaming wide and free
 O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,
 When thou art shedding wide and free,
 O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,
 Or trembling o'er the western sea
 At night's dark portals backward rolled.
 Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I
 From strength to weakness both descend,
 Our years declining from the sky,
 Together hasting to their end.
 Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!
 Rejoice, O chief, in youthful night!
 Age is a dark and dreary time,
 Feeble and faint as moon's sun light.
 Struggling through broken clouds in vain,
 While to the hills the mist hangs gray;
 And northern gusts are on the plain,
 Where toils the traveller on his way.

Translation by L. MACFARLAN. One or two lines altered which were imperfect in original.

9—AN SGOIBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

KEY F.



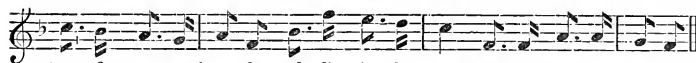
f: d ., t₁ : d ., d | d¹ : s ., l : s ., f | m . d : r ., m : f ., l | s
 Ballast 'chur's na cruinn, Cha chuir innte taic dhuinn, Sìhl a chur ri 'druim,
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast



f: m . d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t₁ : d ., d | d¹ : f ., m : f ., l | s
 Cha chuirsgoinn'n a h-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a cinn, Cha dean iùl do'n luing
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?



f: l ., d¹ : t ., d¹ | s : t₁ ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t₁ : d ., r | m . f
 'S pumpgun' cheann's an taoim Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith. Nach e' ceum bhios glagach,
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,



f: s ., f : m ., r | m . d : f ., d¹ : t ., l | s : d ., d : m ., m | r . d
 'Null's a nail, 's air tarsainn? Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn, 'S gleus gach buill às al-tan.
 She would fill and founder, Tackle all a-wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn
 Toirt ar cìram seachad,
 'G radh "Na abair dùrd,
 Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"
 'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dùil
 Nach robh meang 'n an chùis,
 D' a thrìd 'chail an cùis',
 Dh' easbhaidh dùth us faicill,
 'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh
 'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',
 'S nach do sheilbhich stàr
 Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.
 Ged robh sinn 's an luing,
 Pailt an luim 's an acfhuinn,
 'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,
 Feum gach buill us beairte;
 Cìod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn
 Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn
 Air gach ball 'bhios innt',
 Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh!
 Feumar cùrd 's an acair',
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,
 'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,
 'N combaid cruinn a leantainn.

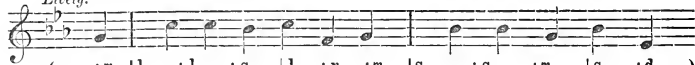
Sad would be our plight,
 If, with mad assurance,
 We should caution slight,
 And trust to the insurance.
 Many a witless wight,
 Sure that he was right,
 Lost his bearings quite,
 All from being heedless;
 Thinking care was needless,
 Laid at last despair'd of,
 He was lost in night,
 And never more was heard of.
 What though we were packed
 With plenty of equipment,
 And knew what every tract
 And tool about the ship meant!
 Knowledge so exact
 Might as well be lacked,
 If we do not act.
 The anchor to be able
 To keep the vessel stable
 Must have a proper cable,
 The compass all compact
 Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

10—TUIREADH AN T-SUIRICH—THE WOOLER'S WAIL.

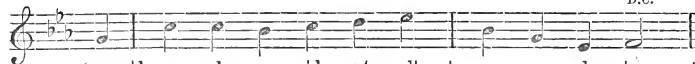
KEY **E^b**.

Lively.



{ *Chorus*—Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuim na cruinn - eig,
Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuim na cruinn - eig,
Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,
Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie, }

D.C.

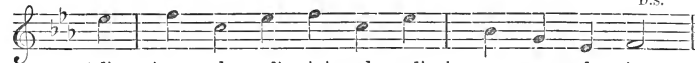


{ *Chorus*—Cha teid mi - se tuil - le air shuir - idh na ghleann,
Cha dir ich mi bruth - aich cha'n ur - rainn mi ann,
I'll gang to the val - ley a cour - tin' nae mair,
Nor gang to the val - ley— I'm trach - led ower sair. }



{ *Song*—Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog - an gu snas - mhor a ghrobadh,
A sheall - tuim na h-ogh - e tha thall - ad chomhnuidh,
On my shoon I put hatches of el - e - gant patches,
My heart it was wholly up - lift - ed and jol - ly, }

D.S.



{ *Song*—'S a ghluais mi, cho ceol - mhor ri smoor - ach air chram,
Cha chreid - inn ri m' bheo gu't e ghor - atch a bh'ann,
And went sing - ing snatches of beau - ti - ful song;
Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a - long. }

Eha m'intinn lan suigart nuair raibig mi'n ninneg,
'Smi dh'nteach gun cumadh a chruinneag riann cainnt,
Nuair dh'fhogall i'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,
'S ann thaois an truille an eumam m'am cheann.
Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh,
'Eha 'mathair sa h-athair a labhairt le sraing,
Thuit coo air mo leirsinn 'us m' anail gam threighinn,
An rathad cha b'leir ehomh 'us leum mi' san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuillean an cabar an dunain,
Mo bhrigis m'am ghluinean 'san cu oirr an gcall,
Bu mhiosa na'n corr leam 'bhi faicinn na h-ohusich,
Aig uinnag a seomair ri spors air mo chail.

Mar phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi am chruaidh,
Mo chaiscirt 'sin rummich, 's mo thriail na sa ghleann,
'Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altram mo chreuchdan,
'San ionad nach leir dhonn an breid a chur teann.

'Toirt boidean do Mhuir 'sa 'g eighcheag gu dhuineil,
Ged gheibhim an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,
Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh no 'shuiridh,
'Snach fhaicear mo luideagan tuille 'sa ghleann.

Wif bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',
I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;
I startit a-showin' my love overfloun',
She stopped me by throwin' aboot me the patl.
Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,
My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;
Her parents were flytin', the dogs were for bitin';
I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',
The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite,
But the thing maist annoyin' was to see her ongoin'
Lookin' oot and enjoying my terrible plight.

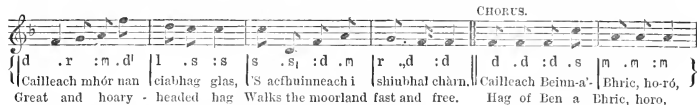
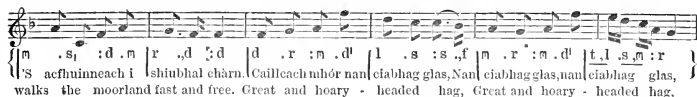
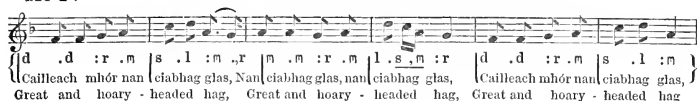
Ead luck to the woin', it's been my undoin',
My brecks are a ruin, my hachies are gone,
And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'
My wounds, and securin' the bandages on!

I'm yovin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'
'That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,
Nae mair will I sally a-courtin of Mallie,
I'll show in the valley my daddies nae mair.

Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH." Translator—L. MACBEAN.

11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.



Caillach mhór nam mogan liath,
Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath;
Caillach mhór nam mogan liath,
Cha 'n fhaca sinne 'leithid riagh.
Caillach Beinn-a-Bhrice, etc.

'De a thug thu'n dìugh do'n bheinn,
Dìugh do'n bheinn, dìugh do'n bheinn,
'De a thug thu'n dìugh do'n bheinn,
Chum thu mi gu'n bheinn, gun scalg.

Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,
Do bhrìdheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,
Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh
Air an traigh ud shìos an de.

A chailleach—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh
Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
Dh' imlich sliagan dubh an traigh.

Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhór
An doirionn mhór, an doirionn mhór
Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhór
A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhì dubh, horo,
Dubh horo, dubh horo,
Cha'n iognadh mi bhì dubh, horo,
H-uile la a muigh, o h-i.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhì fluch, fuar,
Fluch fuar, fluch fuar,
Cha'n iognadh mi bhì fluch fuar,
H-uile h-uair a muigh gu brath.

'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,
'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
Seachad an sliabh dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,
Grisly paw, grisly paw,
Such a hag we never saw,
Never, never did we see.

Hag of Ben-a-Bhrice, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,
To the hill, to the hill?
She has wrought me nuckle ill,
Kept her deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer,
Flock of deer, flock of deer,
Yesterday she had her deer
On the beach along the sea.

The Hag: I would not take my flock of deer,
My flock of deer, my flock of deer,
I would not take my flock of deer.
To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan! it was weary woe,
Weary woe, weary woe,
Ochan! it was weary woe
Sent me to you wood to tree!

No wonder I am black, horo,
Black horo, black horo,
No wonder I am black, horo,
When I am always out, o hee.

No wonder I am cold and wet,
Cold and wet, cold and wet,
No wonder I am cold and wet,
When out for ever I must be.

But yonder is the flock of deer,
Flock of deer, flock of deer,
But yonder is the flock of deer,
Beyond the mountain you may see.

Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag. Translation by L. MACDEAN.

12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—*With spirit.*



Scisd. { m .s : l .t | l .s : m | m .m : d' .d' | t : t .r' | m' .l : l .s }
Cho. { Faill ill ó ro, faill ill ó | Faill ill ó ro, eil - e, Hi ri - thil uithil }
 Fal il ó ro, fal il ó Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - bil uhil

FINE.



{ l .l : t .l | l .s : r .r | m : m .r | m .s : l .t | l .s : m . }
 a - gus ó, 'S na thugaibh hóro eil - e. Gur mise tha trom airtneulach }
 i - hil ó, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes,

D.C.



{ r | m .m : d' .d' | t : t .d' | r' .d' : t .l | l .s : l .d' | t .l : s .l | s .m - | m . }
 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaoth an ear a gobachadh, 's cha'n i mo thogairt fein i. }
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging.

Tha gaoth an ear a' gobachadh,
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fein i;
 'S i gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn;
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.
 Faill ill, etc.

'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.

Gun tigeadh oirnn am bàta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach
 Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da'!

Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da'!
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte—
 Gu bheil mo dhàrachd fein leis.

Uachdaran na duthch' innte
 Gu bheil mo dhàrachd fein leis
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!

Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte
 Far am bi na fìdhleirean,
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh.

Far am bi na fìdhleirean
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh
 Ach 's mise tha trom airtneulach
 'Sa mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill
 Of eastern winds are stinging,
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging.
 Fal il òro, fal il ó, &c.

Yes, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging,
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging.

Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging,
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.

Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging.

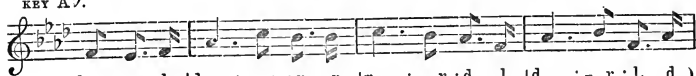
For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging,
 Oh would that he right gallantly
 His way to Sleat were winging.

Oh, would that he right gallantly,
 His way to Sleat were winging,
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harp and pibroch ringing.

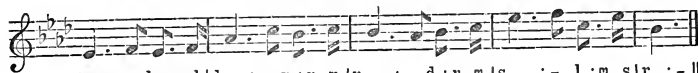
Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harps and pibroch ringing,
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,
 No heart have I for singing.

13—CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

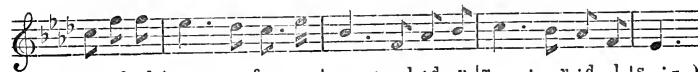
KEY A \flat .



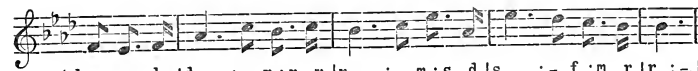
{ f, l, : s, , l, | d : - . m : r , r | m : - . r : d , l, | d : - . r : l, , d }
(Nach cruaidh an guth so th'aig an t-sluagh, Eho'n deach thu luath's a dh'earb iad
Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasan-



{ s, : - l, : s, , l, | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . d : r , m | s : - . l : m , s | r : - . }
(riut; Tha ghaor choi cu - mant aig t'aoin', uaisl', Aig m'adhb, aig tuath, 's aig searbhann- tan;
try; One common grief, without re-lief, Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry;



{ f, m : l l | s : - . f : m , s | r : - . l : d r | m : - . r : d l, | s, : - . }
(Cha'n eil bho'n Torr guruig an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'ndh'fhalbh thu bhuainn,
In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There's none at all speaks cheerfully;



{ f, l, : s, , l, | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . m : s , d | s : - . f : m , r | r : - . }
(A's urrainn còmhradh mu' na bhòrd, Ach tuisreach, brò - nach, mar bhran-nach.
Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'n callan codach fhéin,
Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho casmhorach,
Ach aon 'thoir bluaip' gun aon fhear-fuath.
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fasmhorach.
A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,
Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fuillgeadh;
Mach bho'n éag bhí 'cur 'an cèill
Nach 'eil gach cré ach basmhorach.

'S llomh'hor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn
Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,
'Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn
'Lhi sùidhich' an indinn shiorbheartaich
Bha ioma 'eud d'è dhine fhéin
A' deannamh féum mar lomhaigh dhìot;
Ach dhearb' am beum so dhuinn gu léir,
Nach 'eil fo'n ghreín ach diomhanas.

Co an duine thug ort bàrr
Am breith, 'an pàirt, 's an ionnsachadh?
No co an t-aon a sheasas a'ait'
Dhe'n th'air an eiradh ga d'ionndraichinn?
Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us òg,
Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ceannachadh.
Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach òirun',
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

It is not private loss or woe
That makes the blow so rigorous,
But his sad fate whom none could hate,
With mind so great and vigorous.
For none could find, in heart or mind,
A fault in kind or quality.
Now he is not, though we forgot
Our common lot, mortality.

Oh, many a man was filled with gloom
That round thy tomb stood silently;
Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—
By death destroyed so violently.
By clansmen prized and idolised,
His worth disguised humanity,
But this fell blow, alas! will show
There's naught below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,
Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him;
And none can fill his place but ill
Of those who will be mourning him.
The hearses are wrung of old and young,
The mourner's tongue is falling him,
Oh, never more shall we deplore
One man so sore bewailing him!

Music and words by ROB (DONN) MAC KAY. Translation by L. MACDEAN.

14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.



f: s: | d: d: - | r: - m: | l: - | s: - f: m: d: - | l: - t: | d: - | - : s: | d: d: - | r: - m: |
 Oh! happy may I see thee, my faithful brown-hair'd maid! My sweet light-hearted



d: - | t: - d: | l: - s: m: - s: l: - | - : d: | s: m: | s: l: t: | d: - | t: - d: |
 reidh, air an deis' a dh'ei-readh fonn; 'Si cainnt do bheoil a's biun leam, nuair
 la - dy, in flow - ing locks ar-rayed; Thy voice, like soothing mu - sic, has



l: - s: m: - s: l: - | - : d: | s: - l: s: m: l: - | s: - f: m: d: - | l: - t: | d: - | - ||
 bhithas m'inntinn fionn, 'S tu' thog-adh suas mo chridh' nuair a bhi d'htu bruidhinn riom. ||
 oft my grief al-layed, Thy words dispelled the woes that up-on my spi - rit weighed.

Gur muldach a ta mi,
 'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
 'S neo-shundach mo chadal domb,
 'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
 Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
 As d'aogais tha mi truagh;
 'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
 Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
 Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
 Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
 Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
 Aidheam le eibhneas
 Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
 'S gur bladhna leam gach la
 O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,
 Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,
 Gu 'n do chuir mi cuil riut,
 'S gun dhiubt mi dhiubt mo phog.
 Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
 A ruin, na creid an sgleo;
 Tha d'anail leam ni's cubhraidh,
 Na'n druidchd air bharr an fhaoir.

My lot this night is dreary
 Upon the surging deep,
 And comfortless my slumber
 When far from thee I sleep.
 But back to thee, my maiden,
 My restless thoughts shall sweep,
 And few shall be my years
 If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes
 Thine eyes are soft and clear;
 Like rowans, 'neath thy placid brow
 Thy glowing cheeks appear.
 Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,
 That I have held thee dear,
 And since I had to part from thee,
 Each day has seemed a year.

What though they tell thee that I had
 Begun my choice to rue,
 That I forsook my maiden
 And from her kiss withdrew!
 Let not the story grieve thee;
 My love, it is not true:
 Thy fragrant breath is sweeter
 To me than morning dew.

15—H-UGAIBH ! H-UGAIBH !—AT YOU ! AT YOU !

KEY C.



{ d' d' . — | d' s . — : d' d' | d' ., d' : d' d' | m' ., r' : d' l | l ., }
 { H-ugaibh ! h-ugaibh ! bo, bo, bo ! An doctair Leodach 's biodag air,
 At you ! at you ! bo, bo, bo ! Take care what may become of you,



{ d' : m' . m' | m' ., r' : d' d' | d' ., l : s s | s ., f : m ., d | d ||
 { Faicill oirbh 'santaobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dibh !
 The doctor with his dirk may go, And take the head off some of you !

Biodag 's an deach' an gath-seirg
 Air crìos seilg an luidealaich ;
 Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mbeirg,
 Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dhi.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
 'S claidheamh-mor an tarraunn ort,
 An saighdear 's miosa th'aig rìgh Deors',
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
 'S cearbach sud air amadan,
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
 A dh'fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich ;
 Cha'n 'eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
 Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.
H-ugaibh, &c.

See on his belt, with rags and dust,
 The dirk with all the rust of it ;
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,
 If he should get a thrust of it.
At you ! &c.

As fencer bold he used to swing
 His sword, but made so small a stir,
 The poorest soldier of the king
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.
At you ! &c.

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts
 And clumsily he carries them ;
 He chops the heads off cormorants
 And hews and hacks and harries them.
At you ! &c.

Brave at his side the sword must be
 That he must clank and rattle with ;
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea
 But he will boldly battle with.
At you ! &c.

Translation by L. MACBEAN.

16—BROSNAHADH-GATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



{ f, l, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : - }
(A | mbacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dàn air magh,)
O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat - tle prance,



{ f, l, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||
(Faigh buaidh 'san t-stri, Sgrìos sios gun dìth Ar naimhde, rìgh nan sleagh!
Oh, win renown, Our foes cut down, O king of spears, advance!

Jamh threin 's gach càs!
Crìdh' ard gun sgath!
Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt!
Gearr sios gu bàs,
Gun bhàrc sheol bhàn
Dhi snàmh mu dhubb Innis-torc.

Mar thairneanach bhaighal
Do bhuille, laoich,
Do shuì mar chaoir ad cheann,
Mar charraig chruinn
Do chridh' gun roinn,
Mar lasan bìch' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,
Is crobhaidh nial,
Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis.
A mhaicinn cheann,
Nan cursan srann,
Sgrìos naimhde sios gu lar!

O arm of might!
Brave heart in fight!
With swords and lances keen,
O'er foes prevail,
Let no white sail
Round Innistorc be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,
Like thunder crash,
Like lightning flash thine eye,
Thy heart a rock,
In battle shock,
Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,
And let it blaze
Like death-star's baleful light,
O chief renowned,
Whose chargers bound,
Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.



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